

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume: Ascending

Run Number: 155, April 2019

Hair: **Maggot** (run) and **Wishing Well** (walk)

Weather: Splendid to late afternoon sea breeze.

Afters: At **WWs**. **Breakfast at Tiffany's**

Score: -10.4 (run) +4.2 (walk)

Twas a barmy arvo at Spud Point as the pack gathered expectantly for the third annual/irregular Classic. **Polly** was there looking spiky in retirement and **Pop Tart** ensured the not too late arrival of **Frogglesnot** and **Squatta** who had taken up their customary cabin by the sea at the ecopark. The **GobbleFeets** were on time and **Lost Rooster** and **Just Amy** were back from a Chinese sojourn. **Captain Pugwash** noted the quality of the weather as if he had personally arranged it and **Sticky Date** scoffed politely.

The pack milled expectantly as the **GeeEmm** (in perpetuity) politely requested a bit of chalk talk from the Hairs over the subdued hubbub of idle chit chat. "It is about 6 to 7 km run" said **Maggott**, thus inducing a couple of deluded decrepit pensioners to decide to follow the runners. The walkers were assured that it would be a pleasant and not too taxing stroll to the drink stop. "And when you get to the beach look for a line in the sand. The rest is flour or pink chalk. And when you see a longish brackish puddle it is probably on the trail. Which as I said is about 6-7km. Onout is up the hill."

A spritely **Infallible** led the well-formed pack up the hill with **Haemorrhoid** and **Too Keen** trailing close behind and some elderly chaps breathing heavily astern. The walkers did their thing somewhere else. A curving trajectory along the road past **Maggot's** breakfasteria and then a gentle descent to the beach had the pack looking for lines in the sand that were not political promises. A quick consultation with Google earth (technology on the trail?) revealed the trail markings were visible from the nearest geostationary satellite.



The pack pounded persistently peripatetically down the sandy delight, following more lines in the sand.



Eventually the lines pointed inland and to the scrubby sandhills, across the track and plunged into the confusion of false trails beside the crick until reaching Troll's Bridge and major confusion as the trail bumped up agin a X. By now the pack was also beginning to suspect the Hair may have an advanced case of topographical agnosia or other forms of cretinism and mnesitic difficulties. (look it up.) Also, that he was a bit careless with the truth on the assessment of distance. After a period of aimless milling the **GeeEmm** (In perpetuity) accidentally stumbled on a bit of trail marking that eventually linked to another two or three marks heading deeper into the roo and other fauna-infested scrub.

It was terrible, and almost scary with fierce orbs as big as the roos and lurking near head height.



And mozzie infested, shoe soaking, tracts of foetid water requiring careful navigation,



that led eventually to an endless series of power line undulations heading steadily to the west and the distant township of Bodalla, before taking a sudden Shorten-like lurch to the left, through barely penetrable scrub onto the road. The pack took a glimpse to the east and noted it looked a bloody long way back, with various measuring devices suggesting the hair's topographical agnosia was rampant. If there was any consolation it was that it was a fair bet it was downhill most of the way to the distant drink stop where the

bloody walkers and wounded and their dog were no doubt scoffing the booze and chips. Bastards!



Shortly before dark and after a significant stumble by the now exhausted *GeeEmm* at about the 23 km mark, the weary remnants of the pack stumbled on to the bunting infested drink stop where if they were not so wallaby ted's brother, they could have taken advantage of the view and complimented the hairs on their decorative efforts. From there it was a mere 3.22km back home (unless you took the 1.5 km beach route which some smartarses did. The last stumblers arrived in time for the circle to gales of unsympathetic laughter.

As usual the circle was smoothly and flawlessly run by the *GeeEmm* whose word is law, And **CountHerFeet** offered suggestions. Not much went on. **Too Keen** gave a run report nearly as long as the trail and awarded a well-deserved negative. **Pop Tart** the little sycophant gave **Wishing Well's** walk an inordinately positive score. We welcomed **Polly**, **Pop Tart**, **Basil Brush**, **Lost Rooster** and **Just Amy** back to a decent hash. It is so good to see them. One or two charges stuck. The RA drew attention to the presence of **Just Amy** for about the tenth run and declared she shall forever forward be known as **Rooster Booster**. In keeping with the centuries-old tradition, the returning **Rooster** handed a tin of some of China's finest hop based product to the *GeeEmm* as a gesture of fealty

and admiration, He (the GeeEmm) scoffed it. I forget who got the dummy spit award and I forget why **Gobbles** was charged and I forget why **Maggot** got only one charge. But who cares? After that it was a quick and spirited rendition of the MBH3 anthem, a special plea for donations for **Haemorrhoid's** coming adventure, then a short dismissal of objections to any lese majesty before we got stuck into the copious tucker. (Report from phantom reporter follows.)

The evening continued on and on and on, just like the last 150 post prandial pissups, occasionally touching on politics and stuff. But we all kissed and made up and left as friends. A few splinter groups broke away, some to **Maggot's**. Some stayed with **Wishing Well** who even brought out a Japanese single malt. By that time **Gobbles** was walking around looking for any bottle with dregs. And talking in his best braille.

Sunday morning was fantastic weather as you would know and absolutely a triumph for the RA. **Maggot** didn't disappoint, unlimited fresh coffee. **Rooster Booster**, I believe, was introduced to our famous toad in the hole, which she thoroughly enjoyed, accompanied by double smoked bacon. The second smoking shared with the chef's eyes, clothing hair etc. Another triumph for the Spud Point push.

NEXT RUN

RUN 156

WHEN: Saturday 4 May 2019 at **4pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Queensland Time.**

WHERE: **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet's** place I think it is 127 Litchfield Street Long Beach.

HAIR: Them.

AFTERS: Hmm. Curry?

This could be an intimate run due to projected absences of the RA and GeeEmm and Hash Cash (no free list). **Gobbles** and **CHF** will do their **Duckhead** impersonation and do the bloody lot. So if you are around, DO NOT MISS IT!

Bookings etc to Gobbles

fowlermike007@gmail.com

CountHerFeet

madhubfowler@hotmail.com

RUN AFTER THAT

Who knows where, and likely on Saturday 1st June 2019 at **4pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Queensland Time.**

Other details TBA

(Ends.)